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of town as in the city.

Senator Stone and the Porter.

We think precious little sympathy will
be wasted on that Pullman porter whose
mouth Senator William J. Stone, of
Missouri, recently slapped. The general
verdict will be that he got just about
what was coming to him, and probably
got it considerably later in life than he
should have.

The general run of Pullman porters
can be mighty polite and accommo-
dating—when they want to be, and especially
when there is something in it of a finan-
cial nature. When the average porter is
not tipped, and liberally, he inclines, on
the other hand, to be not only negligent,
but positively discourteous; so much so,
indeed, that the Pullman porter and his
inevitable tip long ago passed into a sort
of national scandal, if not a recognized
necessary evil. There is one man we
know who, to insure comfort and atten-
tion, makes a habit when starting on a
journey of cutting a dollar bill into halves,
giving one to the porter at the beginning
of the trip and promising him the other
at its conclusion, provided all goes well.
He admits that the practice is both hu-
miliating and wrong, but he contends
that it insures him the attention he de-
sires, and he pays it as an incidental
expense of travel.

It is small wonder that these porters,
as a rule, grow bold on occasions and
positively insulting now and then. It is
not altogether their fault. The Ameri-
can public has allowed them to impose
on it so long and so persistently that the
porters have come to have something of
a contempt for it. If this particular
porter to whom Senator Stone devoted his
somewhat strenuous attention the
other day had never been unduly tipped
in the first place, he would not have
been offensive in his manner to the
Senator in the second. He is a creature
of a condition for which the traveling
public is primarily responsible, and he
will vanish with the abolition of that
condition, and not otherwise.

Neutralization of the Canal.

In an article appearing in a recent num-
ber of the American Journal of Inter-
national Law, Gen. Peter C. Hains en-
deavors to maintain the thesis that the
neutralization of the Panama Canal, to
which we are obligated in general terms
by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, imposes
on the United States an inferential and
correlative obligation to abstain from the
erection of fortifications for its defense.
As the General Staff of the army is
understood to have recommended the ex-
penditure of \$7,000,000 on canal fortifica-
tions, it is pertinent to inquire what
basis there is for the assumption that
we have a right to fortify the canal,
and whether there is any valid ground
for the inference drawn by Gen. Hains
from the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote
treaty.

It is undisputed that the Hay-Pauncefote
treaty does not specifically forbid
the United States to fortify the canal,
nor does it require us to keep the canal
open in time of war, as in time of peace.
Thus two conditions of perfect neutrality
are left inchoate and undefined by the
treaty. As we are the sole guarantors of
neutrality, the exact brand of that com-
modity which we shall serve up to our
international friends will be determined
by ourselves, so far as may be con-
formable with our convention with Great
Britain. Gen. Hains argues that forti-
fication and neutrality are incompatible,
that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty neutral-
izes the canal, and hence that we are
legally and morally bound not to con-
struct canal fortifications. This argument
hinges upon the meaning of the word
"neutralization." Gen. Hains attaches
to it the broad sense in which it has
come to be understood in international
law, but it is evident, from what we
have already said about the terms of the
Hay-Pauncefote treaty, that the neutral-
ization actually established by that
treaty, no matter what may have been
the intention of its framers, depends
largely upon the interpretation which
may be placed upon the treaty by this
government.

That interpretation is that the canal is
an exclusively American appanage, though
open to all nations on even terms save in
the event of war with the United States;
and that as a part of the national de-
fenses it may be fortified and employed
for military purposes. In other words,
the neutrality guaranteed by us does not

mean sacrifice of American interests in
any form. For example, it is inconceiv-
able that we would permit a Japanese
fleet to pass through the canal for the
purpose of attacking our Atlantic fleet,
nor is it likely that we would allow its
use in any other way to our own military
disadvantage.

We believe, therefore, that in the ab-
sence of an exact and specific definition
of neutralization in the Hay-Pauncefote
treaty, the actual interpretation of the
term will be framed according to the
prevailing conception of our public policy,
and that conception just at present is
somewhat chauvinistic. We would it were
otherwise, so that the lofty and enlight-
ened view of our national duty set forth
by Gen. Hains might gain wider accept-
ance. We see no reason for the fortifica-
tion of the Panama Canal now or at any
time. That the construction of fortifica-
tions will seriously affect the status of
the canal as regards neutralization, as
Gen. Hains contends, there can be no
doubt, even though no express violation
of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty should oc-
cur. Moreover, there are strong military
considerations, which Gen. Hains care-
fully considers, opposed to the fortifica-
tion of the canal. The full and complete
neutralization of that waterway would be
the cheapest and most effective guaran-
tee of its safety. It is to be regretted
that the neutralization Gen. Hains reads
into the Hay-Pauncefote treaty for the
conduct of our national policy.

Negrophobia in Vermont?

It is more amusing than serious, we
think, that Vermont should object so em-
phatically to the stationing of negro
troops at Fort Ethan Allen. Not that the
Vermonters are not entitled to a fair
hearing on the points involved, of course,
but because—well, because Vermont is in
New England, you know, and hence ought
to be the negro's great and good friend,
regardless.

We apprehend that Vermont has viewed
the down-trodden colored brother's sad
and melancholy lot here below oftentimes
in sorrow, and now and then in positive
anger. We suspect Vermont has preached
many a sermon for Alabama's benefit and
Mississippi's uplift, as those things have
been viewed through Vermont eyes for
many, many years—since, indeed, New
England sucked the lemon of African
slave trade dry in this country and then
grew conscience-stricken and turned abo-
litionist along lines no less rampant and
pious than picturesque.

But, lest we be accused of concerning
ourselves with another story, let us re-
turn to Fort Ethan Allen and the sabie-
lous troopers therein stationed and the
strenuously agitated state of Green
Mountain minds appertaining and attach-
ing thereto. Why does Vermont object to
these colored persons? Are they not
wrapped in the folds of Old Glory and
arrayed in the uniform of the regular
army? Are they not citizens of the re-
public, and, as such, entitled to all the
rights of liberty and the pursuit of hap-
piness, and so forth, and so on? Most
assuredly, yea, and likewise, certainly!

Can it be possible—in Vermont, mind
you; Vermont, the which has traveled
far since New England became conscious-
stricken, as aforesaid—that it is because
the soldiers herein concerned are of black
and tan persuasion, and hence subject to
color line restrictions not easy of exact
definition and location, but unmistakably
existent, nevertheless? This might be
true of benighted Texas, or South Caro-
lina, or Mississippi, or Alabama, or, may-
hap, some particularly dark sections of
Indiana and Ohio, but can it be that
such a sentiment has manifested itself in
Vermont—Vermont, where the maple
sugar comes from, you know?

Oh, dear! Why is it our Green Moun-
tain friends and fellow-citizens do not
warm up to these colored brethren in
their midst to that same degree that they
were wont to warm up to them from a
distance of, say, a thousand to fifteen
hundred miles? As a puzzle, the propo-
sition is, as Eddie Foy would say, "a
pretty thing, and an odd one."

Suburban Cities.

There is a statesman in the city council
of Camden, N. J., whose vision needs
widening. He objects to the agitation for
a tunnel under the Delaware River on the
surprising ground that "every facility for
communication with Philadelphia is an
injury to Camden." Now, taken by them-
selves, these words would seem to imply
a flaunting insult to the City of Brotherly
Love. Surely the settlement founded by
William Penn has not become so un-
worthy that the urban sister across the
river shrinks from closer acquaintance.
But the contrast shows that the New
Jersey maker of ordinances fears that a
tunnel connecting it with Philadelphia
would injure the local business of Cam-
den, and he names Jersey City and Hob-
oken, across the Hudson from Manhat-
tan, as examples. The citation is unfor-
tunate. It is apparent, even at this early
day, that the tunnels bringing Broadway
within three minutes of the trans-fer
cities are increasing their permanent popu-
lation and their local prosperity. This is
shown by advancing prices of real estate
and the boom in building operations.

It is true that beyond the New Jersey
cities on the banks of the Hudson other
communities are growing, and that thou-
sands of persons whose daily business is
in Manhattan will pass through or be-
neath the nearer and denser centers of
population. But a percentage of this
travel will halt at the shorter distances,
and, moreover, local trade cannot fail to
be stimulated by the daily traffic in
domestic necessities. Facility of commu-
nication and economy of time are factors
that cannot be ignored in calculations of
travel and of local trade. The alarm of
the Camden councilman will not become
contagious. But there seems an oppor-
tunity for his constituents to display
their intelligence.

"An Indiana woman wants a divorce
from her ninth husband," says the To-
ledo Blade. Any objection from the ninth
husband? The chair bears none.

For light summer reading, moreover,
Mr. Tawney is entirely justified in think-
ing the Congressional Record quite as
nearly worth while as the World's Work.

"Father Brennan, the priest astrologer,
says he thinks Halley's lost comet has

been found and taken in by Saturn,"
says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
"Taken in by"—but, then, Saturn may be
a sort of celestial summer hotel keeper.

If any one in this world can prove that
the Democrats are united and harmoni-
ous, and do it in a thoroughly gentle,
kindly, and benevolent fashion, Senator
Culberson is that party, unquestionably.

"A State which rests its greatness on
good cooking will never perish," says
the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Especially a
state of matrimony.

"How about the man from a pennant-
losing town who is forever exclaiming
about the tough luck the team has had?"
Inquires the New York Mail. We Wash-
ingtonians do not know how about him.
How about him, anyway?

"All smugglers look alike to me," says
Mr. Loeb. Mr. Loeb shows no inclina-
tion to forget his Washington training.

Senator Stone's slap appears to have
been heard pretty much all around the
world.

Tom Watson swatted his Pullman por-
ter with a dress-suit case. However, Tom
is red-headed.

There have been brave men since Agamem-
non. Senator Stone slapped a Pull-
man porter's face for insolence. Wonder
who will be the first man to refuse that
same porter a tip.

That Portuguese prince who solemnly
"renounced" his vague pretensions to the
Portuguese throne in order that he may
marry an American heiress was decid-
edly more amusing than convincing.

That Georgia Solon who introduced the
anti-race-straddle bill for the benefit of
womankind probably lacks a good deal
of being the prize ass of the legislative
outfit, however.

Being King of Spain nowadays must
be about as uncomfortable as anything
you could think of.

The time seems altogether ripe for an-
other explosion in the neighborhood of
the Hon. "Jeff" Davis, although, of
course, there is no necessity for it what-
ever.

Democratic victories so far this session:
One baseball game; one properly humbled
Pullman porter.

The Macon Telegraph introduces us to
a Dixie statesman named "Whooper
Alexander." The gentle reader will not,
of course, be surprised to learn that
"Whooper" is a shouting prohibitionist.

Luther Burbank is trying to produce
"a watermelon with a handle to it," ac-
cording to a contemporary. The average
colored brother will not be ever so re-
motely interested in this; he asks noth-
ing better than an empty bran sack and
a fair to middling chance to make a
sure get-away.

"We need a new religion," says Dr.
Ellis. Why not revive the old one? A
whole lot of people will not know it
isn't new.

The doctors tell us laziness is a dis-
ease produced by the hook-worm. All
right, gentlemen; the hook for the hook-
worm.

Miss Ida Tarbell has been created
"doctor of literature" by Mr. Rockefeller.
Doubtless, she does not know what that
means for him, but, even more doubtless,
he suspects it is something uncomfortable.

A baseball fan advocates "a school for
umpires." Yes, indeed; and there ought
not to be any recesses, and all the pupils
should be made to "stay in" regularly.

Apparently, the verdict in the Sutton
case will be that the deceased commit-
tee had been laid aside in favor of the new
administration's Olive Branch.

It becomes more and more evident daily
that the administration's Big Stick
has been laid aside in favor of the new
administration's Olive Branch.

A "higher critic" says "the Bible is
not up to date." Still, it was here a long
time before this party bespangled the
earth, and we apprehend it will be here
long after he has shuffled off this mortal
coil and departed for that "undiscovered
country from whose bourn no traveler
returns."

It seems that Miss Wright was so busy
inspecting her brother's aeroplane the
other day that she did not notice the
President of the United States, who was
inspecting it also, and only saluted him
after he had asked, "Why, don't you re-
member me?" She appears to be the
sister of her brothers, all right.

WORDS FOR PUBLIC MEN.

The President Knows Law.

From the New York Sun.
The great President of the United States hap-
pens to be a lawyer of ability and distinction.

Mr. Payne Exhausts Surprise.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.
Now that we have seen General Payne fighting
for lower duties, we absolutely defy the tariff to
surprise us any more.

Those Shameless Pennsylvanians.

From the New York Evening Post.
The criminal indifference the shameless Pennsylvan-
ians have displayed in the matter of party
pledges almost passes belief.

Mr. Taft Unforgettable.

From the Springfield Republican.
Something incredible occurred at the Wright's
balloon shed. Miss Wright came in and did not
notice the President when he asked: "Don't you
remember me?" The notion that anybody could
forget Mr. Taft!

Mr. Payne Causes Pain.

From the Boston Herald.
If the President said, "I'll be — if I'll be
undressed by them," the misleading word must
have been "pained."

Mr. Loeb for Equity.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Collector Loeb announces that the customs of the
port of New York shall no longer "look down to the
rich." It is only fair that at one of the gates of
our great country all comers shall be treated alike.

The Speaker Speechless.

From the Boston Journal.
No, Uncle Joe Cannon will not speak at Cha-
teauvigny. In view of what the insurgents are doing
to his feelings, he dare not trust himself.

Mr. Aldrich's Great Loss.

From the Virginian-Pilot.
It is said that Senator Aldrich never reads the
newspapers.

Mr. Dick's Eloquence.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Be it said for Senator Dick that he fills a page
or two of the Record every few days with tele-
grams from home.

Shortage of White Paper.

From the New York Herald.
Consensus of opinion of the committee of
the Actors' Society formed to read
plays is that six out of 250 are worth
trying out. It is now clear why there
is a shortage of white paper.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

NO RESCUE.

She sank four times, but no one came
To rescue her.
And that was certainly a shame.
We must aver.

A rescue would have easy been.
A casual peep
Disclosed the water she was in
Was not so deep.

No youth arrived, although she sank
Some six times more.
And so she left the ocean bank
And went ashore.

All Depends.

"Had any experience at poker?"
"Some."
"What's the most you ever saw in a
pot?"

"In real life or in a poker story?"

Salesmanship.

"Drummers used to sell goods by telling
funny stories. But everything is strictly
businesslike these days."

"Yes," remarked the traveling sales-
man; "we listen to 'em now."

Can't Diagnose.

Some fellows never win a dove.
We must confess,
Because they can't tell real love
From biliousness.

More Libel.

"So you claim a woman can't tell a
funny story?"
"No; a woman gets off a joke like she
gets off a trolley car."

Knew His Book.

"Son!"
"Yes, papa."
"What's this I hear? You say you
won't go to bed?"

"Papa," replied the statesman's little
boy, "if you heard anything like that I
have been misquoted."

When It's Difficult.

"So you think it's hard to determine
which is the lesser of two evils?"
"Yes; don't you?"

"No; I usually have a much larger as-
sortment to choose from."

SAN FRANCISCO ON TRIAL.

Francis J. Heney Not the Defendant.

Others Are.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.
For several years the graft cases in
San Francisco, have been much in the
public eye, largely through the efforts
of Francis J. Heney, assistant district
attorney of the city, who had formerly
been so prominent in the land fraud
cases, and who was "loaned" by Presi-
dent Roosevelt to the good people of
the Golden Gate to put a lot of people
in jail.

Heney has been written up in all
the newspapers and magazines in the
country. He has had more brass bands
following him than any man in the
country outside of Washington. He has
succeeded in convicting a lot of people,
but none, so far as we know, are in
jail. Out there technicalities are always
at hand to let the man of ingenuity and
influence escape.

It will be remembered that the latest
important case was when Heney tried to
convict Patrick Calhoun, president of the
local traction company, of bribery in the
matter of a franchise. In that trial,
which lasted six months, aside from pre-
liminaries, many astounding revelations
were made. Out there the law seems to
be useful only when you can't use force
of your own. In any event, all sorts of
things were done on both sides, but Cal-
houn escaped conviction. Now he moves
to have Heney put out of office on the
ground that he is acting contrary to
the constitution of the State of Califor-
nia.

It doesn't make any difference what
sort of a man Heney is. The point is
that he is not on trial and the others
are. We can stand all of this sort of
thing that the people of San Francisco
are willing to bear, but they are unmoved
by the sort of Calhoun vindication sent to
us. It is wholly immaterial.

JUST AS EASY.

Clairvoyance as It Is Taught in Chicago.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
In a city in which fortune-telling and
clairvoyance is a little less restricted by
law than in Chicago, a plunger visited a
gypsy fortune teller the other day, paid
his quarter, and was told: "You are go-
ing to lose money soon, but not much."

While the plunger was taking this in-
formation into his head the gypsy was
taking \$10 out of his pocket.

It took the plunger a couple of hours
to get "wise" and then, instead of re-
joicing over his discovery of a gypsy
case of prediction of the future, he sent
the police after the gypsy. But the gypsy
had looked into the future, not once, but
twice, and was out of town before he was
found.

In the same city, on the same day, an-
other aspect of fortune-telling came to
light. A Finnish girl was told by a
"seer" that if she would enter the apart-
ment of a certain woman on a certain
night she would find a pot of gold. She
entered, but found no gold, and so took
some dresses and jewelry. In her case
the prediction gave out at this point;
so she didn't run away, and she was ar-
rested.

There are two morals to this.
One is that fortune tellers never are
weak-minded, while their patrons always
are.

For the Half-dollar People.

From the New York American.
One thousand dollars a volume for a
set of Dickens? To the true Dickens lover
the best sight in the world is a broken-
backed, battered, tattered, dog-eared and
thumb-marked "David Copperfield."

Away with your thousand dollars! Dic-
kens was made for the half-dollar people.

THE AUGUST SEA.

Oh, the mumble, mumble, mumble.
Where the breakers crash and crumble.
Where the clouds are on the tumble
And the sun's as bold as a tumble.

And the blood-red glow and gleam,
Where the waves start and a-jumble,
Then come racing with a tumble
From the land of night seaward.

Oh, the lifting, lifting, lifting.
Of the curling foam that's shifting
And the distant white-winged drifting
Of the yachts across the bay.

And the blood-red glow and gleam,
And in tiny mountains rising
And the sunshine glow a-gleam,
Quivering diamonds on the spray.

Oh, the sounding, sounding, sounding.
Of the little breezes bounding
And their sudden upward bounding
Like young hounds across the sound;

And the gulls' sea-ward bounding
And the wind's sea-ward bounding
Every wave that comes in bounding
Heavy secrets to the land.

Oh, the falling, falling, falling.
Of the shadows half appalling
And the voices of dusk a-calling
Like a whispered glow and gleam;

And the sun from golden walling
Flare of crimson downward falling
Then the land of night seaward
Darkened fringes on every sail.

Oh, the falling, falling, falling.
Of the shadows half appalling
And the voices of dusk a-calling
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PEOPLE AND THINGS.

War Against Typhoid.

It was reported to a recent meeting of
the Massachusetts Board of Health that
fifty nurses in the General Hospital of
that State had been inoculated against
typhoid fever. The surgeons in the Ma-
rine Hospital in Boston had been re-
quested to inoculate the men on ships
against the disease. The operation does
not prevent the men from working, as
the quantity of serum used is less than
in the British army, where the inocu-
lation is bed. In the English and Ger-
man armies the men are inoculated twice
within five days, the effect lasting from
two to three years. It is believed that in
time many epidemic diseases will be re-
sisted by inoculation. It is such investi-
gations that show that the doctors are
awake to the importance of their science
wherever many are gathered together in
peace or for war.

For Book Lovers.

There are 1,111 books in the libraries
of the District of Columbia for each re-
sident, but many of these are in govern-
ment departments. According to the
statistics of the national bureau of edu-
cation, New England is conspicuous in
the